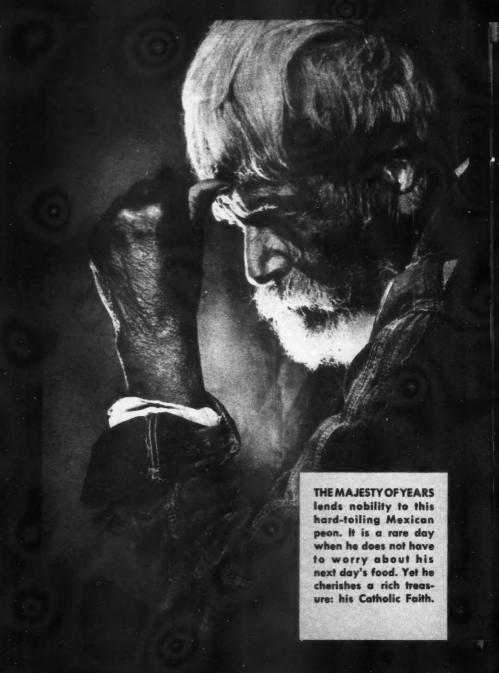
Marykn









Sister Dominic Marie is the tireless mentor of the Chinese nursing candidates

Vest-pocket Hospital

Can you beat this for capsulated medical care?

BISHOP PASCHANG'S Sacred Heart Hospital, in Toishan, is busier per square foot of floor space than any other hospital I know. The hospital is merely the ground floor of the mission building. The pastor's living quarters are above the receiving room and the combination office-

by James E. Fitzgerald

pharmacy; the chapel is above the rest of the hospital space.

Daily the clinic starts at ten o'clock, after the bed patients have been attended to, and it goes on and on for hours. The cases run the whole gamut from simple headache to troubles calling for major surgery. Sister Doctor and Sister Nurse do their best to take care of all of them.



The young Chinese Sisters are remarkably quick in penetrating the hitherto unknown world in which they must live as well-trained modern nurses



They take readily to the mysteries of such apparatus as the microscope

The present hospital, the only one in several counties, is woefully in-adequate. What are two dozen beds?

As though they didn't have enough to do with caring for their patients, the Maryknoll Sisters in charge agreed last year to start a nurses' training school for the Kongmoon native Sisters. There are three students in the first class, and they are making splendid progress. This year a class in midwifery was started for some of the "graduates" of the Loting orphanage.

Sister Dominic Marie, a nurse, is the superior, and a regular powerhouse of energy. She has to be, to keep up with Sister Corazon, the doctor! They are both doing too much work, and they realize it; but

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Stringless

means a gift you send us to use as we see fit for the most pressing and urgent need on one of four continents. It is the kind of gift we like — no strings.

if anyone refers to that fact, the Sisters ask in reply: "What can we do? Turn the sick people away?"

Most of the patients can't pay anything; some can pay a little. The predominance of charity patients has meant a heavy drain on the Bishop's finances. It has postponed the fulfillment of his dream of a larger hospital, with adequate living quarters for Sisters and nurses, built in a "no flood" area of the city.

The present Toishan mission is built on a filled-in fishpond. It floods regularly once a year, with sometimes an extra flood or two for good measure. When the river rises and the water starts backing down the street, that is the signal for all hands on deck. Women and older girls from the orphanage in the next block come running, and everything in the hospital is moved out. The task is a heartbreaking one. Some things are taken upstairs to Father Toomey's quarters; some are carried to the small house in the rear, which serves as a convent; and some are lugged over to the orphanage.

The flood always leaves behind a thick layer of evil-smelling mud and filth, which has to be shoveled out. Obviously the Sisters would like to have more suitable accommodations for such ailments as a diseased appendix, an injured spine, or incipient tuberculosis. When will they have

their new hospital?



In a country where the Communists have held electoral balance of power, some Maryknollers are now undermining the Reds' best arguments



We fight rags and misery

by John Bradley

"PADRE, YOU DO NOT see me in the church because it would not be decent to go before God in these rags. I should be too embarrassed."

The speaker was Mrs. Rado. I had called at her home here in Temuco, Chile, to ask why I had not seen her at Mass. She sent her three youngsters — Mario, Raul, and Paulina — to Mass each Sunday and allowed them to join our Catholic youth organizations, but she herself was seldom at church.

"Padre," she continued, "I know what is good. My children do not. Therefore, I want them to go to church and learn about God. What money I can save, I use to dress my children; but for myself—this!" Again she pointed to her clothing.

Mrs. Rado is not an exception in our Temuco parish. Time after time, through our children's organizations we have tried to induce the mothers to be active in parish life, but the lack of decent clothing has kept the response from being large. To help overcome this difficulty, we have purchased cloth in large quantities and have given it to the girls and their mothers to make dresses. This has increased Mass attendance.

One of our aims is to form a mothers' club, a combination of social group and catechism class. We hope through this club to teach the mothers how to train their children spiritually and physically. In many families here, living conditions are morally intolerable. We believe that parents can be taught to provide some privacy, even in one-room homes; and that they can be taught to prepare nourishing and economical meals.

Through the baby clinic, mothers are now learning how to care for their infants. Many serious diseases can be avoided by simple care. Once the standard of living has been raised, it will be possible to show parents the need and advantage of family prayer, family attendance at Mass, and so on.

For the men, we have begun a mutual-aid society that provides

assistance in time of illness and death. To belong to this society, all members must be married in the church, and must be regular in their attendance at Sunday Mass. The men show a genuine interest in Catholic doctrine, and papers on practical moral problems are prepared by them and discussed at their meetings. A small group of men within the society is planning to organize a Catholic Action unit.

Our people here in Temuco have good will and a fair share of intelligence. They lack imagination, initiative, and confidence. They must be taught many things. They must be taught the evils of alcoholism—a thesis that they consider completely Protestant! This course of action is

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by no means a cure-all; it will not solve even the economic plight of our people. But it does show them that the Church has their interests at heart.

Our main work must be among the young people. On them we hope to build the Church of tomorrow. We have organized Catholic Action groups, and through those we hope to reach the masses. Because of conditions here, we have made several departures from established Catholic Action techniques. The most important is that of having activities by mixed groups; picnics, dances and plays have been held jointly. This year we plan to hold mixed meetings to discuss marriage and various practical problems. A question box will

Chile's people are equally divided between a mining and farming economy



be provided to encourage frankness. This should eventually lead to good Catholicmarriages and the establishment of Catholic homes.

For younger boys and girls, we

have Catholic Action groups called Aspirantes. We are basing this work on that for Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in the States; and we stress, of course, Sunday Mass and monthly Communion. Because these groups include children from twelve to sixteen years of age, this work is probably the most important of all. It is in this age group that most boys are lost to the Church.

Still younger children, from the time of their First Communion until their twelfth year of age, are members of the Cruzada Eucharistica, the Eucharistic Crusade. This organization has been called by visitors "the best youth group in Chile." All members are obliged to receive Communion monthly, and to attend regular meetings for the study of catechism and the playing of games. The organization has a monthly mag-

We Thank

our benefactors for their gracious help. Our best expression of gratitude is the promise of each Maryknoll priest to offer his Mass every Friday and of our Brothers and seminarians to offer their Rosary and Holy Communion for our benefactors. azine, which is well written. This organization fills a real need, as the custom here has been for children to stop studying catechism after their First Communion.

Our whole program is based on forming strong Catholic families. It is realistic, presuming that the majority of our people are poor and not well instructed.

This year we are starting a summer camp. It will give the Church tremendous prestige in this area, as the present Catholic camps are for children of wealthy families.

One more project to be started this year is a night school for adults, to teach them to read and write. By using a small catechism as textbook, we shall accomplish, we hope, a double purpose. Meanwhile, our spare time is used to help children learn English, so that they will be able to secure good employment eventually. The Chileans, who find it hard to believe that anyone does anything for nothing, are amazed at our activity.

Wives for Cows in Africa

Polygamy here does not seem to be primarily a case of morals but of labor. Wealth to the African is measured by the number of his cows. And the more cows he has the more wives he acquires. As soon as a man gets a few extra cows he makes a down payment on the dowry for the second wife, who is to become an additional farm hand for him. It is not surprising that we find it hard to convince even our Catholic Action leaders, when they acquire extra cows, that they cannot follow the age-old practice in Africa of using them to buy farm hands, who are also wives."

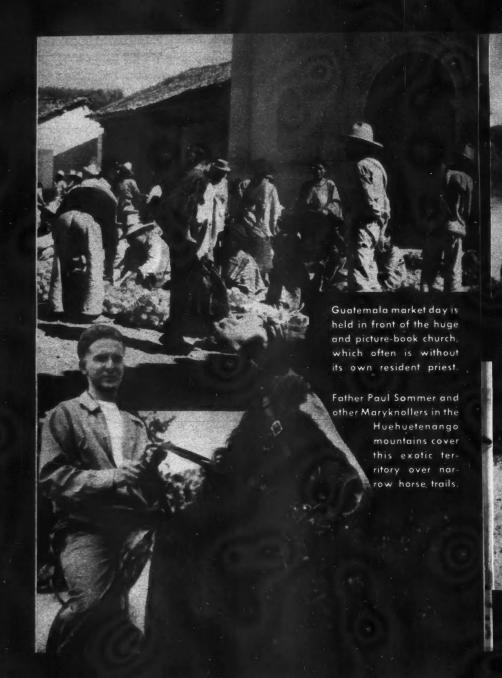
- Joseph M. Glynn, Musoma Mission, Tanganyika



Tough Work in Fairyland

Guatemala's mountain country possesses rare beauty, and its people exotic charm; but for missioners, so few among so many, the task is herculean.

A PHOTO STORY





Guatemala is a complex Indian world, with twelve principal languages and many dialects. Every village has distinct costumes and folkways.



There are vistas of breath-taking beauty on Lake Atitlan. Everywhere the kindly, likable people are as picturesque as the land in which they live.





The mountain Indian bribes the officers to let his children stay home from school. He wants no outsiders directing him; he wants to be an Indian.



Buddhist, and Shinto - were drafted into military service. Many of the

Catholic seminarians were sent to China, some of them contributing to a good-will policy that their war lords never even imagined.

It is an amazing fact that not one Catholic seminarian was killed in battle. There were many close calls, some strange escapes, and a number of unusual experiences. Three cases stand out as especially notable.

Paul had gone up to the front lines in China, after a rest period in the rear. Suddenly he felt something

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy! THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS. MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

that he had been struck by a bullet, but there was not a scratch on his body.

He discovered that the bullet had been directed

to his heart — the hole in his breast pocket told him this. In his blouse pocket was his scapular medal. He took out the medal. It had been badly bent, and there was no question but that this small piece of blessed metal had saved the youth's life.

John had lived in Manchuria for some years, and was able to speak the Mandarin dialect. For that reason, perhaps, he was sent to China. His fellow soldiers knew that John was a Catholic, so whenever they were near a church, they saw to it that John was informed.

One day two companions told John of a big church not far away. The three Japanese went to the spot, and John knocked at the great gates of the mission compound. When no answer came, the other two soldiers

boosted John over the wall.

Inside the compound, John found that the church doors were locked. He was about to push a small side door, when he felt its handle being turned from the inside. Quickly he jumped back, and drew his revolver. The door opened, and a startled, emaciated Spanish priest threw up his hands.

John smiled, lowered his gun, and asked, "Do you speak English?"

The priest shook his head.

"French?" Another negative reply. Finally John mustered up a language he had learned five years before in the seminary, and he said in Latin, "I am a Japanese seminarian."

That did the trick. After John and the missioner had chatted for a while, the soldier learned that the priest had not eaten anything in the past week. John returned to camp, told his commanding officer of the priest's plight, and received permission to take some rice and vegetables to the mission. When his division finally moved away, John gave the priest directions as to how to secure more food when his supplies should be exhausted.

Peter's job in China was directing the transportation of supplies by boat. The coolies who loaded the supplies resented Peter as an enemy and would-be conqueror, and were surly in their service. One evening Peter went to the upper deck of a certain boat. He was surprised to note that, in the deity shrine which every boat has, there was not a pagan god, but a carved, wooden crucifix. Turning to the Chinese captain, Peter asked, "What is this?"

The captain looked frightened. He answered timidly, "It is a religious symbol."

"Why do you have it here?" Peter

inquired.

"I am a Christian."

"What kind of Christian?"

"The Lord of Heaven's religion," answered the captain stoutly, thus signifying that he was a member of the Catholic Church.

Peter took out his rosary. "See," he said, "I am a believer in the Lord

of Heaven, too."

Then Peter explained that he had been studying for the priesthood in Japan, and hoped to return to the seminary after the end of the war.

Much to Peter's surprise, the captain ran to the side of the boat and began screaming to the coolies. When the coolies rushed to the boat, Peter pulled out his revolver and waited, thinking that a riot was about to break out.

The coolies gathered around the captain. Then, from the latter's pantomime, Peter realized that the captain was telling the Chinese laborers just who this soldier was.

Soon Peter was told that the majority of the coolies were Catholics.

From that day on, there was the greatest harmony between the coolies and their enemy-commander.

Safely returned to the seminary, Paul, John and Peter now look forward to their apostolate with renewed zeal.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Kyoto Mission has just sent its first complete report since the war. Here

are a few of the items:

At the central parish — Sanjo, in Kyoto—the average Sunday attendance is two thousand, approximately half of this number being non-Christian. There are fourteen hundred children in the Sunday School.

Father John C. Murrett, besides teaching at the Imperial University, conducts a hostel for university students. Father Edmond Ryan and Father Clarence Witte are teaching in higher schools in addition to carrying on parish activities. The Dominican Fathers of the Canadian Province are teaching scholastic philosophy at the Imperial University of Kyoto. The director, Father Pouliot, O.P., hopes to begin a school of Catholic philosophy in this Japanese center of culture.

Three communities of women are engaged in mission works: the Sisters of the Infant Jesus (Japanese) are caring for an orphanage; the Sisters of the Visitation (Japanese) are conducting a tuberculosis sanatorium; the Maryknoll Sisters (Japanese and American) are doing parish work and conducting a mission-arts project.

Father Leo Steinbach's works of charity have been the most fruitful source of new converts. This Maryknoll missioner has a well-organized St. Vincent de Paul Society. The members have divided Kyoto's poor into seven sectional groups, each consisting of twelve hundred families. Weekly, the twelve hundred families of one section or another receive a three-day supply of food.

When an earthquake struck the city of Fukui some months ago, Father Steinbach and his cohorts rushed to the stricken city, organized a relief service, and fed twenty thousand families.

How is all this managed? Frankly, we find it difficult to understand; but Father Michael McKillop, Maryknoll Superior in Kyoto, who is not given to romanticizing, assures us that it all happens. He says that Father Leo gets much of his help from the Japanese themselves—business houses, private individuals in the city, and farmers in the outlying towns. Besides food, the Vincentians provide medicine and clothing.

Father Tomizawa, an alumnus of Propaganda College in Rome, conducts a confederation of two hundred

university students.

Much of this program is the result of the zeal and broad vision of Monsignor Furuya, the ecclesiastical head of Kyoto, who has become known as the record convert-maker of Japan.

SHALL NEVER FORGET one of my first sick calls. It came one day as I sat at my desk in the school office. A runner from the chiefdom of Shirati arrived to report that a native was seriously ill and in danger of death. The runner told me that my destination would be a three-hour walk from the mission. Good! I would be back before sunset. I had a bite to eat, bore the Holy Oils and the Blessed Sacrament from the church, and took to the road. It was just noon. One hour later we reached an ant hill beyond the Mori River. We stopped there because my feet were hurting. I removed shoes and stockings, examined my feet, and discovered blisters. Evidently, after wading across the Mori River, I had put my footgear on before my feet were thoroughly dry. Blisters or no

blisters, a man was dying! I had to go on.

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Two hours later, we were in the Wakine Mountains, my guide assuring me that our destination was only a little bit farther. Three hours after that, we arrived at the bank of Lake Victoria in time to see the sun set in breath-taking splendor — but my heart was not moved. I was too

weary in body and soul, too angry at my guide, who had deceived me.

At half past seven that evening, I stumbled into the sick man's village. A man at the gate cheerfully greeted me. I asked him where I could find the sick man. He replied that he was the sick man! My spirits ebbed lower. However, since appearances are often deceptive, I gave him the benefit of the doubt and administered the Last Sacraments.

For supper I was served a tin of dirty milk, and two eggs, reminiscent of chemistry classes' experiments with sulphur. I couldn't eat the eggs, but closed my eyes and downed the milk. Because there were no accommodations in the village, I was obliged to start back to Kowak, with another guide.

On the way, hyenas howled around us; leopards screeched. I could do

nothing but walk and rest, walk and rest, walk and rest. Soon I realized we could never make Kowak that night, and I directed my guide to take me to the outmission of Lwanda. We reached there at three o'clock in the morning!

At sunup I was awake and off to Kowak; and at nine o'clock, I arrived at home, weary and blistered.



A Story of Blisters



Only A Veil



	James A. Walle
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Keep then the veil between me and Thee;
Jesus, my Lord!
Some day 'twill fall when my soul is free
To gase on Thee for Eternity.
Jesus, my God.







HAVE a memory of a little house in Boston town, a little house that looked anything but the office it really was. It fitted the man who worked in it, surrounded by things that kept reminding him of the reasons why he was there and why he was working. His name was James Anthony Walsh. He was a kindly person with humor in his make-up and the love of missions in his heart; but never such an overcharge of geniality as would burn out a fuse. He was in the little office that did not look like an office "all the day long," except on Sundays, when he was out making sure, by preaching, of a constant stream of visitors "bearing gifts" for the missions, to keep him busy and happy on the other days of the week.

A now half-forgotten book once said to me: "The sun drinks in the drop of dew that casts back its ray, and God absorbs the soul that reflects Him." Doctor Sargent's book on Bishop Walsh, written some years ago, brought a return of that thought to me. There was never any mistaking the fact that James Anthony Walsh was as God-absorbed as the dewdrop was sun-absorbed. The little office was in its own way a sort of chapel, and out of it he preached with ink on paper; the whole of New England then for his congregation, later the whole nation. All his sermons were on the same theme: Souls for the Master, Souls for the Master.



Maryknoll's co-founder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, who is thirteen years dead this April, takes on stature with the march of time.

The Lengthening Shadow

by the late Bishop Francis C. Kelley of Oklahoma

When I climbed the narrow stairs up to the little office, I used to tell James Anthony Walsh that he was "China mad." He would only smile and tell me that there were more souls to be won over there than even at home, and won quicker. I retorted that souls won here would produce more missionaries for China in time than China could produce on short order. But his missionary thought was about the bird in the hand. "They die over there, too, you know, and we'll miss them." That was how I felt he was thinking. There was no getting him away from the China picture. I had only the prosaic story of American prairies to offer; but of course that would not be color enough for a poet, I knew the Walsh dream would come true. Dreams like that always do, because they are really not dreams at all but inspirations.

Somehow, I never could visualize James Anthony Walsh as a bishop, though I saw him more than once in the purple, and he looked well in it. Perhaps it is because I always loved to think of him as I first saw him in the little office, a dreamer of dreams. I liked him best when he was putting up his fight to make

them come true, and I liked the way he fought it. He did not build Maryknoll. He wrote Maryknoll into existence; wrote it in short, pithy paragraph-stones; all of unequal sizes but all solid and lasting. He was that kind of master builder. If I were a sports writer, I might say that each clip "packed a punch." Well, why not say it? Each one did, and that's why under God the dream called Maryknoll came true.

I am sure that many people have read Daniel Sargent's book about James Anthony Walsh. It is a good book and more. I am sure the Founder of Maryknoll would be glad to have it read; not because it glorifies him but because it keeps him permanently on his old job; even if not in the little office. The greatest glory of such a life as his is its lengthening shadow, for the apostle does not die but goes on living in what he leaves after him. Shakespeare was wrong; good is not interred with the bones, certainly not with the bones of such missionaries as was Bishop Walsh. Maryknoll will always, like every living thing worth while, have its worries, but it need not have fears, for what love built love will keep.

This Month's Cover



Many Chinese regret that their fellow countrymen so often appear in the American press as ragged beggars. "True," remarks one Chinese, "tens of millions of Chinese live in rags. But too many Americans say: all Chinese always have worn rags; all Chinese now wear rags; therefore why worry about rags in China?" Hence the chubby-faced boys on our cover. They are the happy, well-cared-for boys who represent what some day will be most boys' lot throughout China

JESUS COMES FOR EVERYBODY

A new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent His boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. Illustrated in color.

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The Maryknoll Family

N PAGE 16 in this issue, are some beautiful lines about Maryknoll's first Bishop Walsh. They were penned by the late Bishop Francis C. Kelley, of Oklahoma, builder of the Catholic Church Extension Society for the needy missions of America's West and South. He and Bishop Walsh were fellow pioneers when organized effort in America for mission support was in its swaddling clothes.

FROM WHERE do the young men come who will make Maryknoll's future missioners? They are from almost every State in the Union, and they divide up as follows:

NEW ENGLAND STATES: 20% ATLANTIC STATES: 40% NORTH CENTRAL STATES: 20% SOUTHERN STATES: 9% ROCKIES AND PACIFIC: 11%

Who or what guides the candidates to Maryknoll? In a great many cases, it is a vocation-hungry parish priest. Some such priests have phenomenal records. A priest of Philadelphia for instance, has been the counselor of over thirty-five young men who have reached the altar, and a number of these are Maryknollers. A Boston priest has more priestly sons at Maryknoll than he has fingers on both hands. The priests of Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa, have almost a score of Maryknollers to their credit.

"WILL FATHER PRICE be canonized?" asks an old lady who has been a friend of Maryknoll since the

earliest days. She was a young girl when Father Price was a missioner in North Carolina.

It goes without saying that we do not pretend to know God's secrets on such matters. We can only say that the memory of Father Price's saintliness persists, and with particular strength in North Carolina. Many pray for him, and many pray to him. He bespeaks the truly catholic-hearted apostle: he labored as a home missioner in North Carolina; with Father Walsh, he founded Maryknoll; in the last phase of his life he led the first Maryknoll mission band overseas, and died on China's soil for the world apostolate.

Odds and Ends

Sing Sing Prison and Maryknoll Seminary are both in Ossining. The other evening, the Seminary Rector's telephone rang.

"This is Sing Sing. About those convicts' clothes — how long should the trousers be?"

Jumping Jupiter! thought the rector, have we a candidate here for Sing Sing? After an emergency alarm, he found that it was those philosophers again; this time they were borrowing a prison suit for a Seminary play!

FATHER QUENARD OF PARIS, Superior General of the Augustinians of the Assumption, stopped at Maryknoll during his visit to the United States. After returning to France, he paid us a tidy compliment.

"I am convinced, with the Pope," Father Quenard said in an interview, "that America has been given the mission of saving the world. The Church is vigorous in this country. I shall quote but two examples that struck me: the model organization of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, which represents the center of Catholic Action in America — by far the most powerful on earth; and the great enterprise of the Maryknoll Missionaries, with whose cofounder, Father James A. Walsh, I became acquainted in 1925."

THE WORKERS on the new Mary-

knoll College at Glen Ellyn, just outside Chicago, have dropped behind a few weeks in their schedule; but with good luck they hope to have us under roof come autumn. Meanwhile 160 of the 255 major seminarians at Maryknoll-in-Ossining are crowded two apiece into rooms built for one, and are sleeping in double-decker beds.

A COLUMN-LONG LETTER from Bishop James Edward Walsh, now secretary of the Catholic Central Bureau in Shanghai, appeared in The New York Times. Its theme was: Keep communism out of Asia. One of the first results of the plea was a letter sent to him in Shanghai by a woman

Communist in Tennessee, claiming that communism is the world's most dynamic idea and seeking to convert the Bishop to its cause. Are you as alert as this Tennessee woman, in fighting for your cause?

WE PUT OUT the welcome carpet recently for Senator John Chang, Korea's able representative at the United Nations. A quarter of a century ago, John lived with the Maryknollers while attending Manhattan College, in New York; and he has been tied to us by strong bonds of friendship ever since. Senator Chang is the only Catholic in the new Korean government.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Thousands of Interesting letters come to Maryknoll. The one below is among the best; we vote it "the letter of the month."

DEAR FATHERS.

1 enclose a dollar for Our Lady a very

As a hobby I paint landscapes and recently held an exhibit. A little boy of tru came, with a very precious dollar that he had sarned penny by seasy and with which he hoped to buy a painting for his mother's birthday. I watched his disappointment as he saw that each of mine was marked to sell for ion dollars or merow. "My mother says she'd love to swn a painting," he said quietly. I sent him off happy with the one he liked heat, one of the beach and the sand dunes. I feel quite proud tonight that my painting hangs in his mother's modest little room.

And of course a deliar that I came upon in such a besuiffel manner cannot stay here at home. It goes to Maryknol, to go overseas, to continue to live with men whe love strongly and who dream great dramms about things to be done for others.

A.M.R., Michigan

EDITORIAL:

The Decision of the Japanese People

Novelty

Something new in world affairs, and something very refreshing, is the spectacle of a whole nation that openly admits its mistakes of the past, and as openly seeks a new path to a better and more constructive future. Such an example was never given, as far as history records, by any of the Christian nations of the West, even though they have managed between them, through the political immorality of their rulers and leaders, ably seconded by the political ineptitude of their people, to keep most of the world deluged with innocent blood for the past thousand years.

Confucius said, "When you have a defect, do not fear to correct it." And One greater than Confucius laid down the principle: "If thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee" (Matt. v:30). The Christian West has never distinguished itself by acting in this spirit, and thus it was reserved for a non-Christian people of the East to give the world its first experience of an honest right-about-face on a nation-wide scale. This is so unusual that the world hesitates to believe it possible. It happened, however.

It took place when the people of Japan set out to find a new way of

life that would replace militarism as a prescription for national wellbeing. The Japanese people hope to find it in democracy, yet not altogether. They seek, also, a philosophy. Being an intelligent people, they know that democracy is only a helpful framework to safeguard human rights under just government, and that it must be supplemented by a definite spiritual belief, both for its own support and to minister to the deeper needs of society. What they really seek, therefore, is the truth of Christ, which establishes the dignity of man. And this is the time to give it to them.

Prospects

The missioners in Japan have prophesied for generations that some great national upheaval would be the prelude to a quickened and widespread interest in the spiritual message of the Church, on the part of the Japanese people. The men from overseas seem to have made a correct diagnosis, for this forecast of national trends in their adopted country has been confirmed by recent events. The change that has come about is marked. Where there was a grudging semi-toleration before, there is now an open-minded, objective appraisal

— even a certain measure of esteem. Where there was an occasional, hesitant, individual response, there are now palpable signs of a more general interest.

There is no concerted mass movement towards the Church. There is no spontaneous rush of large numbers to enlist in its ranks. A nation of eighty million people does not embrace a spiritual and demanding religion in any such sudden and painless fashion; and it would be almost impossible, moreover, to Christianize it on that basis, if it did. The missionary problem remains. It is to change latent interest into positive attraction, and at the same time to devise methods of imparting careful instruction to large, perhaps even snowballing, numbers.

This represents an immense task, and a very difficult one. It also represents a great advance, however, and a unique opportunity. A national attitude has been changed. A new interest — tentative and halting, perhaps, but real — has been born. The tide should be taken at the flood.

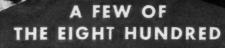
Resurrection

Nobody is galvanized into action by latent interest alone. People pass from interest to activity when they find that some dormant impulse or slight attraction has suddenly been rendered simple, easy, practical, and inviting. This revealing discovery is the spur needed. The man who likes music may not stir around the corner



to enjoy it. But if a friend appears at the right time with tickets, a car, and a cordial invitation, he may be persuaded to go to the opera. Men must first be taken as they are, and after that they must be given whatever they need to bridge the gap that separates them from what they ought to be—or to do. In the case of Japan's well-disposed but hesitant millions, the gap is still a wide one. There will be a resurrection in Japan when its good people shall have glimpsed and grasped the supernal beauty of the Risen Christ.





Here are seminarians at Maryknoll-in-Lakewood, New Jersey, just before the start at the daily manual-labor hour. In Maryknoll's major and minor seminaries, there are some eight hundred students, hailing from forty States. "The top-flight boys of the Catholic schools of America have made Maryknoll," remarks Father James Smith, who knows the story of hundreds at new Maryknollers. "Thousands of priests and teachers dream of the day when a promising young man whom they have directed will sail overseas as a Maryknoll Missioner."

Y WORK among the people of the Conquista area, in our mission in Bolivia, is difficult at present because this is the Brazil-nut season. As a result, the villages are empty of all persons, save the very young and the very old.

Day after day, entire families arise at daybreak, tie large baskets to each individual's back, and go off into the jungle. There they roam from one huge nut tree to the next, filling their baskets. If the nuts are plentiful, the men will carry home about one hundred and eighty pounds; the women, half that amount; and the children, fifty pounds or less, depending on their age and strength.

As the season begins, the nut trees near the villages are first cleared. Then day by day, the people must go deeper into the jungle. The trip home, under heavy loads, is a backbreaking one. Fallen logs must be surmounted, and low-hanging thorns avoided. A torrential rainstorm may come up, to drench the pickers before their homes are reached. Day after day, these poor Indians become more and more exhausted.

The pay for this hard work is meager. If a family can harvest three hundred pounds of Brazil nuts, it will be paid the equivalent of two dollars. The family's white employers will re-sell the nuts for six dollars—that is, almost two hundred per cent profit after the nuts have been transported down river! In American markets, the three hundred pounds of Brazil nuts will bring about \$120; that is, sixty times as much as the Bolivian family gets for the hard work of picking the nuts.

But there is a catch to even the

Slaves of the Brazil Nut

by Joseph V. Flynn

two dollars the pickers are paid. The Indian family must buy all its food and supplies from a company store, which charges exorbitant prices. Consequently, the workers never receive their money, but have it charged against their accounts at the store, and they are always in debt. If an Indian wishes to buy soap, it will cost him thirty cents a bar; sugar, sixteen cents a pound; kerosene, almost a dollar a gallon.

As long as an Indian is in debt to the company store, he is forbidden by law to leave the company's employ. A hopeless situation! Several of our missioners are working to overcome this situation by opening cooperative stores, where the Indians can buy at cost. But the situation is complex, and a complete solution cannot be easily found.

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But the Indians' troubles do not



stop with their economic condition. There is not a single doctor, dentist, or nurse in this entire region. Only one child in every ten is able to attend school. Houses are flimsily built, with mud floors not conducive to health. Few homes have more than one room, and entire families live and sleep in a cramped space that permits no privacy. Such conditions do not help morality.

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The only law these poor people know is that of the company administrator. The average company administrator regards Indians as money-making machines or beasts of burden. If an Indian falls sick, the administrator gives him medicine, but not out of any charitable or humanitarian motive. The treatment

is similar to what would be done for a sick mule or a broken machine. The company administrator has a legal right to approve or disapprove of an Indian's marriage partner. The law even allows the administrator to remove children from the custody of their parents, thus giving a cheap labor supply. Many administrators are immoral men, forcing their attentions on the village women, who are too frightened to protest.

The only day of the week the Indians have "to themselves" is Sunday, but this is no day of rest. If his family is to eat during the coming week, the Indian father must use Sunday for hunting or fishing. If the family roof is leaking, it must be rethatched on Sunday. Some mem-

bers of the family spend their "day off" working in the garden.

Women and children go out into the jungle on Sunday to gather

firewood, which they chop into a size suitable to do the week's cooking. Other tasks for the women and children, on their days of rest, are these: to bring in enough drinking water for the coming week; to shell enough rice and store away enough vegetables; to sew and wash the family clothing.

On certain Sundays of the year, Indian men must report to the company headquarters, to clean jungle roads and paths. There is no monetary reward for this work; but if an Indian is lucky, the boss will give him a bottle of liquor — a reward that has come to be prized even above money. These Indians will do anything for liquor, apparently.

Very often we hear our poor people condemned for their drunkenness. It is, indeed, a sad, deplorable condition. Yet it can be explained. These poor folk live in wretchedness, and they struggle hard to secure food and shelter. Few men have a more arduous life! The Indian's only luxury is alcohol. Intoxication brings

A Fitting Memorial
is a student's room in a Maryknoll
seminary. A plaque on the door
will remind the seminarian to pray
daily for your beloved one.

Offering \$500.

forgetfulness of his woes, and eases the pain of diseased teeth, the chill of malaria, or the anguish of the hundred-and-one other ailments

contracted in this humid, luxuriant land. A half bottle of liquor can turn any one of these simple souls into a roaring beast, capable of any crime. But the reasoning of the average administrator is this: Why deprive the Indians of liquor if we can get more work out of them by giving them a bottle?

To toil eleven or twelve hours a day, six days a week, at hard labor, in this tropical climate, would brutalize any people. So it is no wonder that the Indians turn to drunkenness for their diversion.

Priestly work under these conditions is very difficult. In addition, the homes of the Indians are widely scattered. Yet they welcome the priest with touching affection—for he is the only white man they consider a friend.

I don't know how we shall manage, but we must find a better way of life for these poor Indians. God never intended that animals should live better than men, whom He made in His own likeness.

Mainichi Describes the Two Worlds

Our two contemporary worlds may be described as the world of communism and the world of democracy. They may also be described as the world that accepts Christianity and the world that rejects it. From this point of view, the Catholic Church is especially remarkable. The anti-communistic declarations made by the Vatican have exerted great influence throughout the globe."

— Mainichi, Tokyo

Co
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Missionary Priests

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HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN are now studying in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare themselves to serve in foreign missions.

Many of these young men have insufficient funds to meet the ordinary expenses of their years of training. But we never refuse a deserving candidate who is unable to finance his training. Instead, we seek benefactors to assist us in maintaining him.

This idea of educating a young man for the priesthood may appeal to you or to your friends. One benefactor wrote:

"Find enclosed \$500. I have always wanted to educate a young man for the priesthood, but now I know I shall never be able to do so. I am eighty-three years old, so if I can take care of myself, and do a little, I shall do well."

You can share in the training of Maryknoll priests by helping us to turn the above sketch into a seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. No gift is too small; any gift, from \$1 to \$10,000, will be welcome. A little from many, will make much from all.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

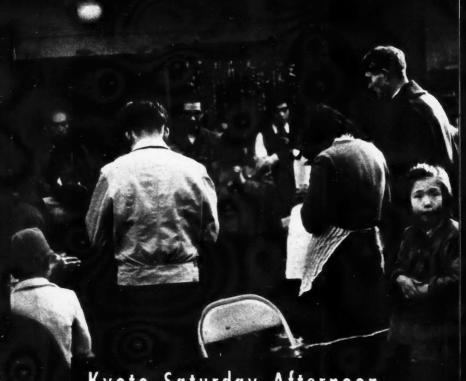
Here is \$______toward building the new Maryknoll Seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to train more missioners. I'll send more when I can.

Name________

Street _______

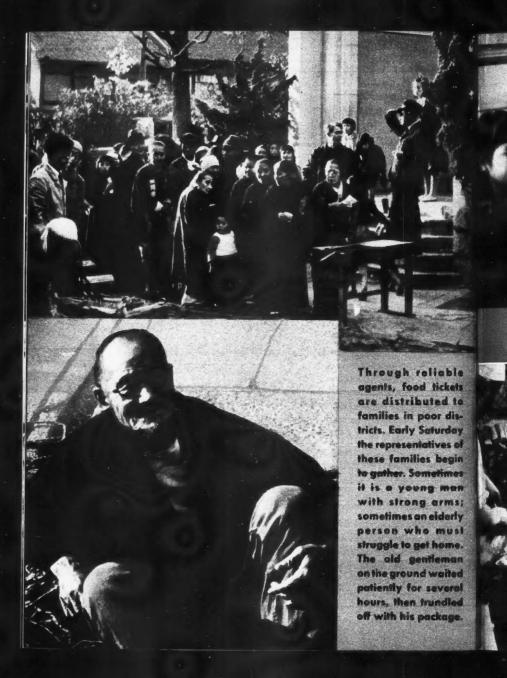
Zone_____ State______





Kyoto Saturday Afternoon They remember how endless is hunger

HUNGER stalks in every Japanese city. Defeat has brought abject misery to great numbers, particularly among the old. The St. Vincent de Paul Society in Kyoto, inspired by Mensigner Furuya, their zealous Japanese leader, and by Father Leo Steinbach of the Maryknollers, goes into the villages of the countryside and gathers food for 1200 Kyoto families weekly. Above, Father Steinbach leads in prayer "the twelve apostles," as this group of Vincentians is called, before the Saturday afternoon distribution. Opposite are two old ladies who aggerty approach to present their food tickets.

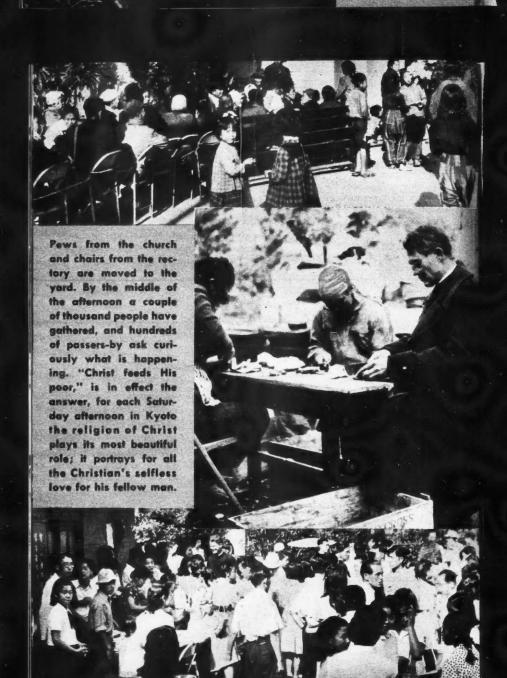




A willing group of parishioners, many of them students, help prepare the vegetables, fish, and other supplies. In the group above, Brother Clement Hansan of St. Mary's, Kansas, helps make ready for the Saturday crowd.

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The Maryknoll Roundup

Bigote, the Bibulous. One Sunday morning after his last Mass in Curepto, Chile, Father Edward Brophy, of

Lexington, Ky., came out of church to find his horse, Bigote, down on the ground, unable to get up. With the help of a half-dozen local lads, Father managed to get



Father Brophy

Bigote home. The horse doctor was called and diagnosed the case as a cold. For a remedy, he prepared two liters of heated wine mixed with salt and a Chinese apple. After some difficulty, the horse was persuaded to taste the concoction. Then he arose, gulped down the remainder, and raced around the yard. Quite a horse, Bigote!

Orchids for the Pastor. The religion class of Pingnam, South China, was conducting street preaching. A layman, Lai Sin



given a long talk on the true Church. Questions and answers flew fast. Father Patrick

Shaang, had just

formerly, of Lansdowne, Pa., hoping to clear up a point by acting the part of a pagan, made this objection: "Mr. Lai, you took a very important

of a pagan, made this objection: "Mr. Lai, you took a very important item for granted in assuming that Jesus Christ is God. Now, I'm a

pagan and might be inclined to your Church if you could prove this point." Lai Sin Shaang, a little abashed for a moment, shifted from one foot to another. Then in sudden inspiration, he countered: "Well, I'll tell you, Mister. If you have any doubt about the divinity of Christ, let me say we have a swell pastor here. Go see him. He'll clear up any difficulty!"

Angel with One Wing. Father Fred Walker, of Boston, Mass., sends us information on Don Angel, fifty-year-old jack-of-all-trades at the Molina, Chile, mission. Don Angel is

the gardener, mechanic, groom; he is also the widowerfather of two little boys. Years ago he lost one arm, and now caring for two youngsters is sometimes a real handful.



Father Walker

Don Angel mends his boys' clothes quite ingeniously, using his teeth to hold a garment while he sews with one hand. He fascinates visitors by the way he wields a shovel or axe. One day Father Walker saw him hanging wallpaper in the following manner. He smeared the paste on the wall; then he took one end of the paper in his hand, and patted it on the sticky surface; then he pushed his forehead against the top to hold the paper in place, while with his hand he smeared more paste and rubbed the paper firmly on the wall.

Inflation Note. The barber of Tungngon, China, visited the mission there recently to give Father John Heemskerk his first haircut since the



Father Heemskerk

priest returned from his furlough in Brooklyn. When the job was finished, Father Heemskerk asked the price. "The price is only \$150,000, Father; but never mind the

money. It is a privilege to cut your hair!" Father replied that the barber couldn't live on privilege, and said he wanted to pay. "No," said the barber, "but I shall be very happy if you will give me an empty tin can." Father put both can and money on a table, but the barber took only the can. Here's a market for an enterprising junk man!

Sudden Cure. Our Latin-American correspondent, Father Joseph Rickert, of Brooklyn, sends us an interesting item on one of his confreres south of the border. "Father Thomas Wellinghoff has gained quite a reputation as a medicine man," writes Father Rickert. "It all came about because of his cure of an

old lady in the parish. Father visited the old soul and found her ailing. On his next visit he gave her a box, telling her that it contained medicine and that she should take one tablet each night after supper. Yesterday I visited her. She told me that she was feeling well and that Father's medicine had enabled her to get up for the first time in a month. 'Wonderful medicine!' she said. 'It tastes like candy.' I wonder what she would say if she should learn that the medicine Father Tom gave her was a box of caramels!"

Fast Work. Father James Manning, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., contributes this item from Chile: "Our boys

start boxing and they win. They took so long getting to the ring between bouts, that I gave them a talk on promptness. After a while, a coura- Fother Monning geous lad spoke up



and informed me that the club is down to one pair of boxing trunks. They have to wait for the one boxer to return to the dressing room, before they can send the next out to fight."

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISS

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN - In the Prefecture of Kyoto, KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicar-iate of Peng-Yang closed to Ameri-

cans). MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fusikun. SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kweilin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS - In Diocese of

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS - Postwor work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE - In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU - In Diocese of Puno; among

Chinese in Lima. ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Gusy-

CENTRAL AMERICA-in the Hushustenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north,

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA-In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.



Xavier died on Sancian

EXCEPT for the presence of a loyal Chinese youth, Saint Francis Xavier was alone when death claimed him, on Sancian Island. This island off the coast of South China has been part of Maryknoll's Kongmoon mission for the past thirty years. Father Robert J. Cairns, pastor of Sancian, was taken aboard a Japanese gunboat a few days after Pearl Harbor. He has not been seen or heard from, since then. Rumors report that he was killed on the boat, and his body thrown overboard.

A church is needed on Sancian Island. The price of construction is estimated at \$25,000. Because the amount is so large, we have asked Bishop Paschang to itemize the parts. We believe that some good people like yourself may wish to assist us in constructing a much-needed church for the Chinese converts—and to do so in memory of Saint Francis Xavier and Father Cairns.

One or other of the following articles may appeal to your heart and fit your purse.

Bricks, per thousand\$220	Confessional
Altar Railing\$150	Sanctuary Lamp\$35
Roof Tiles, per thousand\$125	Altar Linens\$30
Vestment Case	Vestments, one set\$25
Statue\$ 80	Pews, each\$12
Candlesticks	Cement, per bag \$ 3
Windows \$ 50	Lime, per sack\$1
	\$1

Check item that interests you, and send gifts for the Sancian Island Church to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



Second Landing

No more Chinese ponies for Father Tim

by Joseph G. Cosgrove

PENG SHIH-CHI is a pillar of the Church in Kweilin, South China. Not very long ago, he and I were squatting, Chinese fashion, outside his ancestral abode one hot evening, exchanging views on the newly appointed mandarin, the rising cost of living, the Communist trouble, and the introduction of modern methods into China.

"Which reminds me," said Mr. Peng, between puffs on a long, bamboo pipe, "where is *Te Shen Fu* now?"

Mentally I went down the roster of our Kweilin personnel. For the moment, I could not recall any of our American priests who bore the Chinese surname of *Te*.

"Oh, you know the one I mean," Mr. Peng added. "He had a serious operation on his forehead and was obliged to leave Kweilin, about ten years ago. He used a Chinese pony for his mission trips into the country."

The name registered. Mr. Peng was speaking of Father Timothy Daley. "What makes you think of Father

Te at this time?" I asked.

"We were speaking about modern methods in China," returned Mr. Peng. "Whenever I see those big transport planes overhead, or watch new American busses on the roads, I think of him. He was always energetic and full of funny stories, and he always tried to get us to do things the modern way."

The pillar of the Church blew into a flame his smoldering roll of paper,

and again lit his pipe.

"Te Shen Fu was a wonderful man," continued Mr. Peng. "He never bothered to shut the front door of his mission house. Often his pony wandered from the yard into the house. I used to take care of his pony."

As I said before, this conversation took place some time ago. Now the tables are reversed. Father Timothy Daley, of Palmer, N. Y., after a lapse of eleven years, is back on the scene of his first missionary labors in Kweilin, South China. And I am in America, on furlough.

A major sinus operation in 1937 forced Father Tim's withdrawal from South China. He returned to the United States for a long series of operations. In 1940 he was assigned to the Philippines. Then came the war. For almost two years he lived in the Cebu hills, eluding the enemy.

Later a Manila concentration camp

was his abode.

From the Santo Tomas Internment Camp, Father Tim was released by American troops. The Maryknoll Superiors, anticipating his and other Maryknollers' release, had letter waiting at the headquarters of the Red Cross. Father Tim's letter told him to "continue work as before war, or engage in relief activities."

Father Tim sent an immediate answer to Maryknoll. It said: "Your letter received today. I was liberated on February 3, at nine p.m. The boys of the U. S. Army looked good! It has been a long wait, but the exile is over for most of these folks. Your instructions say to 'continue work as before, or engage in relief activities.' I am giving this the interpretation that joining the Army as chaplain is relief activity. I am signing up with the shock troops, the First Cavalry."

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Shortly after writing this letter, Father Daley, still at Santo Tomas, was in the dispensary that he had set up to take care of the aged men of the camp. The dispensary was shelled by the Japanese. Three shells ripped into the room, the first two exploding without injury to anyone. Some shrappel from the third en-

tered Father Tim's side and leg. He returned, not a chaplain, to the United States to have his wounds treated further. He was assigned as spiritual director at the Maryknoll Junior Seminary, in Lakewood, New Jersey. But he still had his mind's eye on China With the idea of help-

Junior Seminary, in Lakewood, New Jersey. But he still had his mind's eye on China. With the idea of helping his mission work, he began to study flying. Soon he had a license and his own plane. He began to teach other Maryknollers to fly.

Then came reassignment to China. Father Tim returned there with big plans for using aviation in the missions. Kweilin Prefecture covers over 19,000 square miles, which are dotted with full-length runways and emergency landing areas that had been set up and used by the American Fourteenth Air Force during the war.

To date, troubled conditions in China have kept Father Daley grounded. It is not wise to fly an airplane over a battleground! But this returned missioner is still planning to bring a "new look" to old China. Meanwhile, Mr. Peng is probably learning such phrases as "switch on" and "contact"—for an invention far different from the Chinese pony.

Joachim Peng and His Cup of Tea

Mr. Hsieh was on his way to Han Shui. In a village he heard a group of people studying but could not understand just what. At this point Joachim Peng appeared. "Please come in," said Joachim. "You must join us in a cup of tea." An hour later Mr. Hsieh, glowing with happiness, took his leave of Father Glass's zealous catechist. "How wonderful is this new religion," he remarked, "that teaches men to be so kind."

Six months later it was Mr. Hsieh who was pouring the tea. His guests were Father Glass and Joachim and he had just pointed out to them six villages that wished to know more about the true God. "I am afraid," said Joachim to Father Glass, "lest I fail to be a worthy messenger of His kindness."

— Edwin J. McCabe, Kweilin, South China



Priest friends give their blessing to the first Africa mission band of the Sisters. Below, departants: Sisters Stanislaus (Cannon), Margaret Rose (Winkelmann), Catherine Maureen (Bowes), and Joan Michel (Kirsch). sh of ju ci



AFIELD with the MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CAROLINES

NICARAGUA

In Kowak, Tanganyika, in the heart of Africa, a new convent has been built. It is located on the eastern shore of Lake Victoria, at the source of the White Nile, whose name conjures up exotic pictures of the ancient glories that its waters passed: Memphis, Thebes, Karnak, Luxor, and then the pyramids near Cairo! The Sisters at Kowak will probably have little time to think of this bygone grandeur, as they try to make a home for the "Ancient of Days" in the hearts of their adopted Africans.

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Long did the four Maryknoll Sisters wait for a ship to take them to the new mission, to which they were assigned last spring. Finally, when the waiting seemed endless and the mission need ever more urgent, on December 2, 1948, the Sisters boarded an airplane in New York City. On the following day, they arrived in London. Thence they proceeded in broken flights to Tripoli, Khartoum, and Nairobi, before covering the last lap of their journey.

In Kowak, the Sisters found an attractive little convent, which the Maryknoll Fathers had prepared with the assistance of native workers. The building is of moderate size and contains a dormitory, a dining room, and — its heart — a chapel. Nothing essential is lacking in this wellplanned home.

Language study will keep the Sisters fully occupied for at least six months. After that, it is hoped, they will be able to make themselves understood in the native tongue.

What are the material needs in Kowak? The natives themselves think that medical work is of prime importance, and the statistics add weight to their claim. About seventy per cent of infants die before they reach the age of reason. Adults are subject to malaria, leprosy, sleeping sickness, snake bites, and many types of skin infections. One Sister in the pioneer group is a nurse of several years' experience in public health work, and we are confident that she will soon reach souls through treating suffering bodies.

Another pressing need in Kowak is a school for girls. In this African mission area, women are traditionally little more than slaves or chattels. Christianity alone raises woman to her proper human dignity. The mis-



The Kandy Superior is Sister Madeline Maria (Dorsey), of Brooklyn, late of Bolivia. With her are Sister Mary Bridgettine (Mills), of Dixon, Nebraska; Sister Mary Espiritu

(Venneman), of Springfield, Illinois; Sister Arthur Marie (Haight), of Washington, D.C.; Sister Paul Marie (Gibbons), of Hamilton, Ontario.

sion school will not be restricted to teaching the usual three R's: it will add the fourth R, religion, for Kowak's women must learn that human dignity rests on divine origin. Two of the Sisters in the recently arrived group are teachers, one having had many years of experience in the schools of Hawaii, where children of various racial stocks mingle.

Another great need in the African missions is that of native novitiates. Kowak is fortunate in that the Maryknoll Sisters upon their arrival found five girls who are interested in be-

Last November, Maryknoll was gladdened by the announcement that five Sisters had been assigned to another new mission field. At the end of January, they sailed for the "Pearl of the Indies" — the island of Ceylon — which legend says was given to mankind as a consolation for the loss of Paradise. At Kandy the Sisters will take charge of a hospital.

Kandy itself is famous in song and story. It is one of the holy places of Buddhism; yearly, pilgrims make their way to its Temple of the Sacred Tooth, to venerate many treasured relics of the Buddhist religion. Catholicism is not unknown in this beautiful, hilly city. It boasts a cathedral, named after the Portuguese wonderworker, Saint Anthony, for the Portuguese were among the first to go as missioners to Ceylon. Saint Francis Xavier also hallowed the island by his presence. In Kandy today, a number of groups of missioners are at work: Jesuits, Benedictines, Christian Brothers and Marist Brothers, and six communities of Sisters.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

Name_

Street_

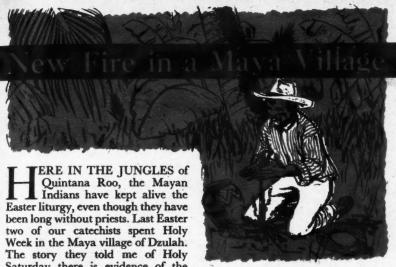
DIVEEL

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State

I will offer _____days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$____a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



by Robert E. Lee

Saturday there is evidence of the Indians' devotion to the Faith.

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The catechists were living in a thatched hut, just off the plaza of Dzulah. Before dawn they were awakened by a hum of voices. Looking out of the hut, they could distinguish a large group of men standing or crouching before the church.

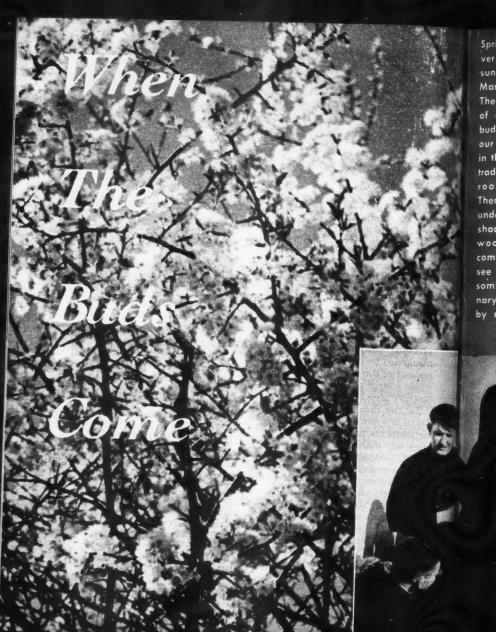
In the dim moonlight, the catechists saw one Indian rubbing a stick between his palms. The base of the stick was making friction in a pile of wood shavings. When the Indian tired, another took his place, and then another. Soon sparks were flying into the shavings.

Suddenly the shavings caught fire. The Indians sent up a happy shout, and began to fan the shavings to make them burn more quickly. When the flames blazed up, each man placed the end of a large faggot in the new fire.

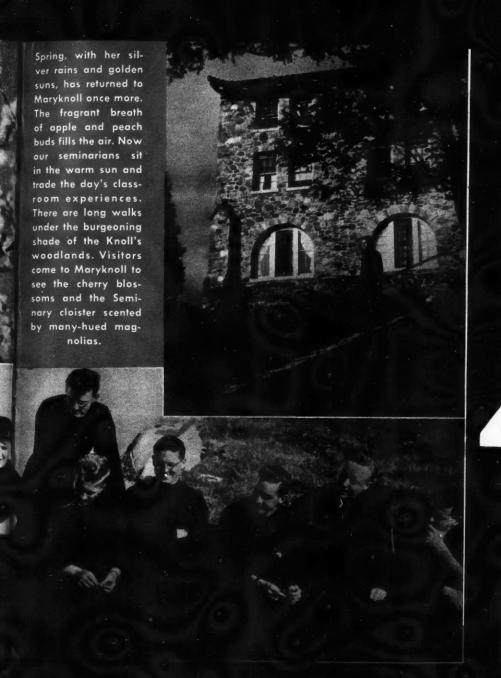
Just as dawn was breaking, the Indians lifted their faggots from the fire. By this time the end of each was burning brightly. Bearing his faggot, each Indian quickly ran off to his hut. There he rekindled the fire on his hearth, using the faggot to begin the blaze. The hearth fire had been put out on Good Friday afternoon. Once the hearth fire was burning merrily, the Indian bade his wife keep that fire going until Good Friday of the next year.

The Indians then emerged from their homes, each man with his gun. The weapons were discharged into the air several times. Shots rang out from all parts of the village.

Far away, at the Maryknoll center, seminarians were sharing in the ageold ritual of the "new fire," in the fullness of the liturgy. Yet, we think that the Mayas' version of the "new fire" and the Eastern jubilation is fully as pleasing to Our Lord.



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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

Something Tangible. "A Chinese woman, 94 years old," writes Father McKiernan, "has a small statue of the Blessed Mother, which she preserved when she was driven from her home by the war. Each evening she stands before it and says her prayers." Father McKiernan asks for money to buy rosaries, statuettes, medals, and pictures, for more than 2,000 Christians. Help him meet this immediate need! Give \$1 — \$3 — \$5 — any sum you can spare.

The Beckoning Shadows. A Victor sound motion-picture projector would attract thousands of Chinese to Father Lynch's mission. Will any friend give him such a machine with generator and accessories, or the \$750 it would cost? The return in souls will be great!

Dad Earns 60c a Day! Many boys do not attend the mission schools in Chile, because their parents cannot afford the cost of school books! All the texts one boy needs in a year can be bought for \$1.32. But that sum is a staggering one for a poor peasant. If it seems small to you — why not give enough to buy books for four or five pupils? Mark your contribution for Father McNiff.

Films for the Fans of China. Father Burns asks for educational, travel, religious, or other types of 16 mm. films—except personal and family pictures—to exhibit to the motion-picture enthusiasts at his mission in South China. Send the films to us; we'll forward them.



Sewing with Their Feet — that is, by working the treadle of an old-fashioned sewing machine — would delight the pupils of a girls' industrial school in the jungles of Bolivia. The work would give the girls valuable training, and the things they could make would pay for needed materials and supplies. Such a machine, or the \$75 needed to buy one locally, would be a wonderful gift.

Gas \$1 a Gallon. In Bolivia's jungles are precious souls of Indians who have never heard God's word. Father McCabe can reach them in his motorboat, but gasoline is rare and precious. He can travel only as far and as often as his fuel permits. To pay for this missioner's journeying would give you a share in his conversions!

Stations of the Cross are needed in China for Father Maynard Murphy's mission. The cost will be \$50. Such a gift would make an excellent, low-cost memorial.

Rain and Religion. "We had 550 Communions in Chacay, and 225 in El Mono," writes Father Gerald Carroll, from Chile. "In both these places, Mass is said out of doors, so it is impossible to have Mass in the rainy season." The cost of a chapel would be about \$1000, in each place. The local Indians are too poor to provide the money. Who will help them?





MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN CHINA NEED

each month:

\$5 for support of a cripple

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\$5 for support of a blind child

\$5 for support of an orphan

\$5 for support of a refugee \$5 for support of an old person

\$15 for support of a native priest

\$15 for support of a catechist

\$15 for support of a native Sister

\$15 for support of a native seminarian

\$45 for support of a missioner

\$50 for medicine for a dispensary

\$50 for the mission rice lines

each year:

\$25 for education of a poor child

\$25 for Mass hosts

\$100 for distributing Catholic literature

\$30 for Mass wine

\$50 for altar candles

\$300 for youth guidance

Send for the free booklet, The Making of a Catholic Will

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK



GENE AUTRY, America's top cowboy, recently visited Maryknoll and passed along some advice on how to ride and care for a horse. The Maryknoll seminarians tucked away Gene's suggestions against the future day when, as missioners, they may be living in the saddle.

